

Children's Newspaper, January 6, 1940

CN CALLING

For you, you too, to battle
go,
Not with the marching
drums and cheers,
But in the watch of
solitude,
And through the bound-
less night of fears.

Laurence Binyon

Number 1085 JANUARY 6, 1940

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

**THE CN
AND ITS
FRIENDS**

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Thursday 2d

Postage Anywhere
One Halfpenny

THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER

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Six

A REFUGEE OF LONG AGO

The Flight From the Holy Land

THERE is one thing which should not be forgotten this year; perhaps you have not thought of it, but in the long ride from Bethlehem into Egypt Jesus himself was a Refugee. Mary, Joseph, and their little Child were all Evacuees!

Fearing the wrath of King Herod, Joseph took the young Child and His mother by night and departed into Egypt, and was there until the death of Herod. The Babe was evacuated so that He might escape the rage of a tyrant.

The Holy Family Set Out

We can picture to ourselves that night as painters have often done, when with a few belongings the Holy Family set out on their journey into a strange land. We can think how much this refugee Child was to mean to all men and to us. We can see them travelling along the ancient road to Egypt as patriarchs and kings and armies had travelled in other days.

*Upon this desert path there lies
The joy and pain of centuries.*

Down that ancient way they came with the young Child to Egypt.

Where did they live in Egypt? What kind of welcome did the Babe receive? We do not know, but we like to think that they were received kindly by the Egyptians, and that the eyes of the Child saw pleasant faces by the great River Nile.

An Evacuated Child

Yet they had been in that land only a little time when news came from the angel that Herod the tyrant was dead, and Joseph arose, and took the young Child and his mother, and came into the land of Israel. Egypt was only their home for a little while. He was to live and die

in the land of Israel. But we must not forget in these days that Jesus was a stranger in a strange land, that He was in truth a refugee; He was indeed, like so many of our children this Christmastide, an evacuated child.

This should bring home to us something said of Himself: "If you want to find Me, you can; you can find Me in the sick and in the poor and in the prisoners, and in showing your love to those who are like that, sick or poor or in prison, you are showing your love to Me."

We may rightly add to that list:

I was a refugee and you helped me. I was an evacuated Child and you took me in, doing your best to make me welcome. I was a Child away from home and you gave me a home.

The Wrath of Herod

It is a world in which there are still cruel tyrants like Herod; and in many countries and in our own there are fathers and mothers escaping with their children from the wrath of evil men. Do we always remember what they suffer? Do we take whatever ways are open to us

to show that we welcome them? And there are many others who are not in a foreign land, but are still in cities and villages strange to them. Some people can do nothing but tell what they consider funny stories about these children; but is that the true way? Ought we not to sympathise with them and welcome them, making their stay among us as happy as it can be? They too are suffering the loss of home and familiar faces because of the wrath of Herod, and as we think of them we may well listen to the voice of a Refugee of long, long ago saying, *I was evacuated, and you were kind to Me.*

The Man at the Helm as the Wheel of Time Goes Round



Mr and Mrs Markert of Tampa

THE story of the old lady who lived in a shoe has come true in Florida, the only difference being that the lady has a husband to help her, and they are not at all at a loss to know what to do with all their children.

The Revd Fred Markert and Mrs Markert have a family of 84 boys and girls at their Faith Mission at Tampa. The story of the growth of this splendid movement reads like a fairy tale.

Seventeen years ago two quiet, unassuming people came to Tampa. They leased a house, but had no money and no friends to help them furnish it. "The Lord will provide," said the Markerts, and the Lord did. Someone gave them beds, another mattresses, and as the house gradually became habitable the Markerts began to adopt homeless babies. Today, in

a big roomy building which it owns for all time, surrounded by lawns and flowers, and facing the beautiful Gulf of Mexico, the Faith Mission flourishes. Though no appeals are made for funds, there has not been one day during the last 17 years when the little ones have had to go without a meal, clothing, or shelter. It is the faith of the Markerts that has worked the miracle, and daily their life work grows and prospers. The Mission has gathered about it a host of devoted friends. Should the youngsters need shoes, along comes someone with 84 pairs as a gift. Should the cupboard be bare, along comes a car full of food.

In these hard and cruel days, what a lesson is to be learned from this happy and peaceful Faith Mission on the Gulf of Mexico!

The CN and Its Friends

A HELPING HAND

The time of the making of good resolutions is come and the CN wishes to thank all those friends who are resolving to help it in 1940.

If every friend who loves it would get one new subscriber the war would leave the CN unscathed.

The Editor is grateful for the response already made, and continues to be hopeful that it will be more and more widespread through the coming weeks. We hear of a school in Hertfordshire at which a copy of the CN was given to every child as the school broke up for Christmas, an act of generosity on the part of a well-known business man. We hear also of a famous artist who has resolved to put the CN into the hands of 722 evacuees in one country town for three weeks, and from a dear unknown Scotswoman, "so old that she can't work very well now," we have received a subscription to be spent in distributing CNs among the evacuees the Queen visited; our old lady thinks the CN should follow the Queen.

The Fourth Halfpenny

A gallant knight of the north, who has been a good friend of the paper for years, has devised a plan for spreading the usefulness of the CN which may be worth copying in other areas in these difficult days for schooling. We pass on the plan which has been working with success in a northern town. The gallant knight sees that so many copies of the CN are available each Thursday morning. The scholars form groups of three to buy it, the knight giving the fourth halfpenny in each case. Then A takes the paper till Monday and B till Thursday, when C keeps it.

Another teacher's letter tells of two copies being ordered for each class, a practice which could probably be widely extended if the copies were supplied to the school by interested friends. "If every school could do this there would be no danger for the CN," says this teacher, adding: "There is no educational medium to touch it." May we appeal to any CN reader who can afford it to offer to provide a school with one or two copies weekly?

Six Good Ideas

From a good friend in Wiltshire we have received a warm appreciation with suggestions for promoting the wider circulation of the CN. He begs that all boys and girls as well as grown-ups will help to keep the CN flag flying. It is the children's birthright, he says. He himself is 66, and so, as he goes in sixes, he sends six rules for helping the paper now:

1. Let every boy and girl subscriber of the CN stick to it through thick and thin, as John Gilpin said; or did.
2. Every boy and girl who loves the CN shall pledge himself or herself to get a new subscriber, eh?
3. Remember that the war will be over earlier if the CN keeps going. How's that? Because then the children will never be downhearted, and the child is father of the man.
4. Guides, Scouts, Cubs, and all kinds of young folks' clubs, unions, and societies will be brighter for the CN. Now, somebody, please provide bundles of CNs for them.
5. The Board of Education wishes to prevent the young people scattered all over the country from growing up barbarian. The CN will be the best possible civiliser.
6. Send it to an evacuee. The sight of the CN in a strange sitting-room will be like home to young evacuees who used to see it regularly but have lost it awhile. Why not provide copies for the duration?

Anything in Sixty-Six's Six Points? Think over them, though your own may be better.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

Tiny labels attached to prawns by the US Bureau of Fisheries have shown that these little creatures often travel as far as 300 miles during autumn months.

Croydon Council is paying the rents of blind people who have been evacuated.

Two citizens in the Isle of Man have undertaken to give a money box containing half a crown to all the children of men on active service in their district.

Old tram lines are being pulled up to provide material for the steel furnaces.

Two trees have been planted in the school drive at West Wellow, Hampshire, as a memorial of the arrival of Portsmouth evacuees; it is probably the first Evacuee Memorial in England.

The son of an Indian prince is serving as a private in the R A F.

The king has sent a gold cigarette box for St Dunstan's gold appeal.

An appeal for £600,000 by the Canadian Red Cross has been over-subscribed by £200,000.

Canon A. G. Wintle, Rector of Lawshall near Ipswich, has planned a barrel-organ tour to raise money for comforts for troops. He has raised more than £1300 for charity by pushing the organ through villages and towns in Suffolk and Essex.

At the funeral of an old curator of York Philosophical Museum, a great lover of birds, a robin entered the church and sat most of the time on the altar table near the coffin.

A mobile X-ray unit costing about £3000 has been presented to the R A M C by an unknown South African woman.

A ton of clothing for evacuee children has been collected by Mrs Vincent Massey, wife of the High Commissioner for Canada.

One of the delights of these days in every year is the arrival at the CN office of one of the best sort of boxes that comes our way, filled by Cadbury's of Bournville and therefore a treat for whoever opens it. We could wish every British soldier had a box like it.

The issuing of cigarette cards is to be discontinued by leading cigarette manufacturers to save paper and board.

Over 100,000 eggs have been sent by Britons in the Argentine for sick and wounded British soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

A letter received by Dr Barnardo's Homes during the holidays was in a childish hand and contained a few crumbs of chocolate and a penny.

Half the profits from the sale of a new luminous material which emits a blue-greenish glow in the dark are to be given to the National Institute for the Blind.

War News Reel

German submarines are being destroyed faster than Germany can replace them.

It is not likely that mines and submarines can defeat the Convoy System; less than one in 750 convoyed ships have been sunk.

Ever since the beginning of the war the number of ships sunk has been getting lower and lower.

Millions of tons of neutral ships have been chartered by our Ministry of Shipping.

German attacks on neutral ships have been more disastrous than their attacks on British ships.

Every night a Czech wireless station closes with "Goodnight, dear Listeners; be patient, and wait."

At the present rate of destruction it would take centuries for the Germans to cripple the British Fleet.

In the third month of the war nearly a quarter of a million tons of shipping entered or left our harbours for every thousand tons lost.

We began the war with 21 million tons of merchant shipping, and lost in the first three months only about 3,40,000 tons. The Navy has captured about 280,000 tons of German shipping.

The Guide's News Reel

The Queen, herself a Guide and the Mother of a Guide and a Brownie, was pleased to find a Guard of Honour of Guides drawn up to meet her when she visited an evacuation centre not long ago, and her Majesty talked to the Guides.

The Highbridge Rangers, Guides and Brownies, and Wolf Cubs, have lately kept their 21st Birthday, and as a birthday present they gave a beautiful steel swing and trapeze to the children at the Axbridge Children's Home.

A group of very poor Native African Girl Guides have sent a donation of £1 to the fund the Girl Guides are organising for Polish Refugees.

A window full of silver paper can hide a multitude of things. The Guides of Wallington, Surrey, have opened a depot for collecting and using up waste material in an empty shop. Passing the shop window, we might imagine that it was the entrance to a silver mine, but on entering it a very different sight meets the eye, for it is full of every kind of rubbish, fire irons, old clothes, books, and even milk-bottle tops.

Madame Malkowska, Chief Guide of Poland, has gathered under her protecting wing five of Poland's lonely boys and girls, first-comers to a Polish School she hopes to start in England; and the staff of Guide Headquarters collected woollies and toys to send down to Madame's little family at Christmas.

The Scout's News Reel

The Norfolk Sea Scouts have been most useful in signalling messages about washed-up mines, and sending lifeboat messages concerning wrecks.

Lincolnshire Scouts have been pumping and carrying water out of air-raided shelters for the aged, widows, and infirm round Grimsby and Cleethorpes.

The Bromley Scouts were delighted to find in a load of waste paper nearly a ton of ledger paper, which is worth £7.

We hear of Scouts and Cubs who have managed to get hold of two big chicken houses for a paper dump, and are using it as a central clearing house for five villages round Kingsdown near Sevenoaks.

Many Scouts in India are engaged in A R P duties: in Bengal they have given invaluable assistance in Blackouts, while in Mysore they are specialising in First Aid.

The Gilt Cross for Gallantry has been awarded to Maurice Kent, a London Wolf Cub, for rescuing a boy from drowning in the Grand Union Canal; and to Jack Milburn, a Bradford Scout, for trying to save the life of a girl in the Leeds and Liverpool Canal.

Russian refugees scattered in various parts of the world have their own Scout Association with 1121 members.

According to the 1939 Scout census Finland has 12,358 Scouts, an increase of 3176 in two years.

NEWS DICTIONARY

Admiral Scheer. The German pocket battleship which bears his name was named after Admiral Reinhold von Scheer, who commanded the German fleet at the Battle of Jutland.

H M S Achilles. Famous for the part she played with the Ajax and the Exeter in defeating the Admiral Graf Spee, this cruiser of the New Zealand Division is named after a Greek hero in the Trojan War, in which he slew Hector, son of the king of Troy. It is customary in the Navy to have a link in the names given to warships of similar build; thus the Achilles and the similar Ajax belong to the Greek Hero class, while the bigger Exeter belongs to the City class.

Maple Leaf. The presence of the Canadian forces in the Motherland has made this, their national badge, familiar to us all. During the Great War Maple Leaf Clubs for Canadians on leave were established in many places. The maple with its beautiful leaf is the most characteristic tree in Canada.

River Plate. In Spanish Río de la Plata, meaning Silver River, this grave of the German warship Admiral Graf Spee is, like our Humber, an estuary rather than a river. It is 200 miles long and 140 miles wide at its mouth, and it is formed by the union of the Parana and Uruguay rivers.

Uruguay. This State, which became famous last month when the Admiral Graf Spee took refuge at its capital, Montevideo, is the smallest of the South American Republics. Its 72,000 square miles are mainly pastoral. It is named after the river which forms its boundary with Brazil.

The Wise Old Bat

All the bats have gone to sleep for the winter, and will not wake till the air temperature is over 50 degrees, which is near the time when bats of another kind are taken out of the sleeping bags of the cricketer.

Old Aescop, who lived about 620 B.C., told two tales about the wise bat. One was that when captured by a weasel he protested he was not a mouse but a bird, and when caught by another enemy pointed out he was not a bird but a mouse. The second fable was that in the famous war between the birds and the beasts he was much at pains to choose the stronger side, but in the end was denounced by both sides for his cunning, and was driven from the light of day.

Strange as it may appear, fables like those Aescop wrote of the bat are found among the Negro tribes of South Nigeria, and the Cherokee Indians of North America.

The bat ought to be wise, because, as is remarked by Professor G. M. Allen (who has just published his life's work on Bats), he was flying o' nights 60 million years ago, and is the only mammal who ever learnt to fly.

Butterfly Sanctuary

The butterfly flits about to its heart's delight in California's famous Monterey Peninsula.

They are not haunted by nightmares about nets, for, as butterfly hunters read on notices by the roadside, "any person caught molesting the butterflies will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law." There cannot be many butterflies in the world who are such prized residents that they are given police protection.

THINGS SEEN

On a flowering veronica in a Bournemouth garden, a Red Admiral butterfly.

A country bus full of passengers being driven by a Learner.

A chaffinch settling on the breakfast table of a Hampshire family.

THE BIGGEST X-RAY TUBE

A giant X-ray tube, the biggest ever made, will shortly be installed in Washington. Up till now X-ray tubes working at 400,000 volts have been the most intense, but the new tube will generate X-rays at the immense pressure of 1,400,000 volts. This tube will help to standardise the newer medical work wherever more intensely penetrating rays are being employed for therapeutic treatment. The great advance of X-ray work of this kind may even spell the end of the radium era in medical treatment.

THE ROMAN EMPRESS

For 1700 years a Roman empress has been in Switzerland and no one has known about it.

At any rate, the marble statue of a Roman empress has been buried there, for the head of a fine carving of the Empress Julia Domna, wife of Septimus Severus, has come to light recently. The fragment of sculpture was found near the Lake of Geneva by workmen digging an air-raid shelter at Nyon; and very strange it seems that the menace from the air should bring to light this link with the long ago.

LITTLE OLD LADY

A little old lady passing by made the world a little sweeter the other day.

She was in an Edinburgh teashop when three young soldiers sat down and ordered a hot meal. The old lady, who was close by, watched them enjoying every bite of food, and it seems that her heart was touched by the sight of the boys in khaki, for when they had finished she quietly called the waitress, asked how much the soldiers' bill would be, and paid it. Then, with a smile, she slipped away, a fairy godmother who did not wish to be thanked.

COLLIE LOST AND FOUND

A Scotch collie, taken by its master to the cattle market at Dingwall, was lost. Three nights afterwards it returned to its home in the extreme north-west corner of the Isle of Skye, having had to travel 70 miles, by road, rail, and ferry, part of the route being totally unfamiliar to the dog.

A FRUIT TREE CHANGES ITS HABITS

A discovery just adopted by one of the biggest orange-growing firms in California may offer valuable possibilities to other countries. A way has been found to grow orange trees which produce oranges ripening in the summer. Usually Californian oranges ripen between December and May.

The great importance of this change is that the fruit ripens during the time of year when there is no frost.

FUN IN THE COUNTRY

London evacuees have found out that there are lots of ways of having fun in the country. This is what one wrote in an essay: "You don't have to be mischievous to have fun in the country because you can go out into the woods and fields, and go fishing, or help the farmers."

NEXT WEEK IN THE GARDEN

If frosty, wheel manure to where it will be required, keeping it in a heap.

Deep cultivation is essential for good vegetables. In trenching leave the surface soil rough and open to the weather.

Clean and fork lightly the ground between the rows of strawberries, and then mulch with dung. Make cuttings of gooseberries and currants.

The Bird in the Treaty of 100 Years Ago

ONE of the most curious events of each year is the taking of the mutton-birds on Stewart Island by the Maoris.

The snaring of these shearwaters of the southern seas is one of the privileges reserved to the Maoris by the Treaty of Waitangi 100 years ago, and from all quarters they come and place themselves under the leadership of old Moses, a man of 90 who knows every nook and cranny in the islets where the birds hide.

By day they work, by night they feast and sing, and salt down the bulk of their haul for the year's marketing and provisioning. As well as being a good food, the mutton-bird is a source of oil. It lives in a hole in the rock and is famous for the tender care of its

chick, an awkward, ugly baby to which it croons in a quaint way. The Maoris kill the bird by a merciful method, never taking too many.

Another haunt of this seabird is Cape Barren Island in Bass Strait between Victoria and Tasmania, where a colony of half-castes made a living from the mutton-bird until some whites arrived and took the birds in such numbers that there was a fear they would be exterminated.

A curious thing about these birds is that they vacate their haunts whenever sheep come to graze in the neighbourhood. The natives, too, resent the establishment of sheep farms on Barren Island, finding that bird mutton is a much more lucrative source of living than the mutton that comes from sheep.

NIGHT-LIGHTS

The Blackout decree has revived, among other things, the use of the night-light, familiar in the time of our grandparents.

A night-light is a thick short candle. It is an inch-and-a-half in diameter and little more than an inch high, yet it will burn for eight hours, because it has a tiny wick. The flame is very small, yet big enough dimly to light a fair-sized bedroom. In these days it is of great service and is very cheap, but unfortunately the demand is greater than the supply, as in the case of torch batteries. In all these matters of Blackout provision the Government should take steps to hasten supplies for the millions who suffer so much discomfort.

BRUNO AND HIS MASTER

It was a sad day for Bobby Dahling when his dog Bruno was run over by a car.

They had long been the best of friends, and this was not surprising, for Bobby owed his life to his faithful Siberian Samoyede dog. It is three years since Bobby Dahling of Essendale, in British Columbia, went for a walk with Bruno. They followed a forest path, and presently Bobby lost his way. Night came on, bringing bitter cold with it; and wandering aimlessly, Bobby, who was then only five, staggered on till he could go no farther. When he fell from sheer exhaustion, the dog stretched itself over its little master, and it was Bruno's warmth which saved the boy's life.

BLACK CAT

We do not believe in lucky black cats, but we do believe this one was lucky.

It went to sea in a ship which never returned to port. Down went the vessel off the East Coast, and that was the end of the story—or, rather, it would have been but for an astonishing thing which happened afterwards.

Four days after the vessel went down a lifeboat came upon one of the ship's boats tossing like a cork in the trough of the waves. They towed the frail craft to harbour, and as soon as she was beached out jumped a black cat. Somehow the creature had borne all the buffetings of the rough seas without a wink of sleep or a bite of food.

THE MILK CARTON MARCHES ON

Milk served out in paper bags would have seemed a ridiculous idea to people of last century, yet the milk carton is now a useful fact in many of our lives, and its popularity is steadily growing.

Two of the better-known milk companies serving New York have taken up the carton in a big way and are offering their customers two-quart cartons at a twopenny reduction.

As soon as there are enough cartons these dairy companies intend to use them instead of bottles throughout their services. It will lighten the loads on their carts, make easier work for the milkmen, and do away with the labour and expense of collecting empty bottles and returning them to a central depot to be washed and sterilised.

THE LONELY ISLE CUT OFF

Out on the far Pacific, midway between Lima in Peru and Auckland in New Zealand, lies the lonely island of Pitcairn, the tiny home of the descendants of the famous mutineers of the Bounty. It has an area of only two square miles.

Pitcairn is in the news because its wireless station has broken down; the islanders are again cut off from the world. An American expedition is going out with a new installation. Provisions are also being taken, for the 200 islanders must be short of certain kinds of food.

At present Pitcairn is unable to follow the progress of the war; news of the Great War did not reach them until 1915.

A MARK TWAIN STORY

One of the most popular clergymen in Halifax has given out that none of his sermons will be longer than fifteen minutes.

Mark Twain would have made haste for this church. He told an amusing story about a charity service he once attended. The preacher was very eloquent and soon made everyone wish they had brought more money with them to give to such a noble cause. Mark Twain's 400 dollars burned in his pocket. He could hardly wait for the plate to come round.

But the preacher talked on and on, and the longer he talked the sleepier his congregation became. The noble cause was forgotten. People thought only of how soon they were going to get out. Mark Twain's enthusiasm went down and down, until when the plate finally did get round he took ten cents out of it!

HE LOVED HORSES

Mr William George Buchanan of London has passed on. All his life he loved horses, and one of the last things he did was to visit the Home of Rest for Horses at Boreham Wood in Hertfordshire, asking there that his horse Lorna Doone might be taken care of when she arrived. In his will Mr Buchanan left £1000 to the Home of Rest on condition that his horse remained there as long as she lived.

SOMETHING NEW FOR TEACHER

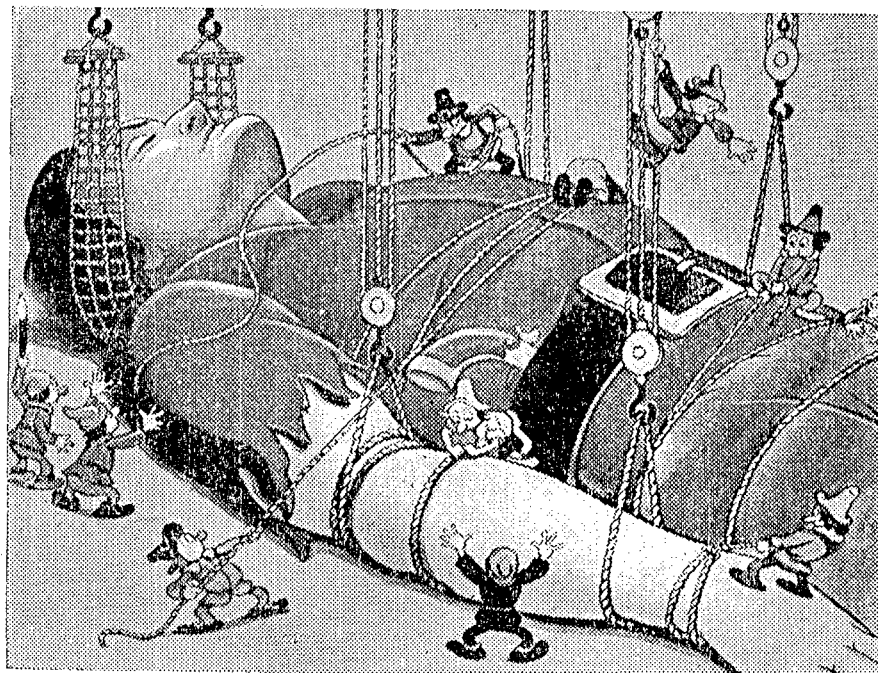
A new school teacher's desk has been invented which throws an image upon a translucent screen of whatever the teacher writes or draws upon his pad. It takes the place of the blackboard, and enables him to keep seated at his desk during the lesson.

25 YEARS AGO

From the C N of January 1915

Donkeys. We may take a Prussian at his own estimation. No nation in the world has made such stupid mistakes as the German nation made when it imagined that the British Empire would fall to pieces at the touch of a German sword, that the Belgians would stand aside while the German army crossed to France, that the world would rally round the German conquerors, and that Paris would, in a week or two, lie at their feet.

Prince von Bülow, who was once the Kaiser's Chancellor, has given us a reason why Germany makes such great mistakes. He was talking with a Prussian official, who said to him that the Germans were the most learned people—the greatest poets and philosophers and musicians and soldiers, but that, of course, they could not be everything. "There must be some weak point, and it is this," he said; "we are political donkeys."



Gulliver Bound

A scene from the new full-length film cartoon of Gulliver's Travels. The film, produced by Max Fleischer, is now being shown at a London theatre and will soon be seen all over the country.

CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

JANUARY 6 1940

WHAT DO YOU SEE
IN THE FIRE?

WINTER comes, the short day fades, and it is comforting to draw up to the fire and shut out the night.

In the coals are pictures of happy days that are past, and, better still, of happier days to come. The fire is like the sundial, counting only the sunlit hours.

It brings before us again the summer that seemed so loth to leave us, the blaze of flowers that never seemed so bright, and the afterglow of the autumn leaves. Was there ever a summer so lovely or so long as the last? Even the anxieties encompassing us could not dim its radiance. It seemed to be telling us to be of good heart, for, however deep the shadows cast by the folly and wickedness of men, God was in His heaven, and all was right with the world.

In the fire the shadows come and go. They never stay. We may read there the promise of other summers splendid and serene. In that brave new world the firelight paints for us men and women will walk with a new freedom. Their fears and anxieties will have fallen from them. Old enmities will have faded, their place taken by peace and goodwill among men.

Is that too much to dream? Is the brotherhood of man too distant to hope for? Then let us wish it for our children, and content ourselves to dream of the future as we look in the fire.

We can see them growing up a happier brood than the mothers and fathers who have reared them. Not wealthier, for that we need not wish them, but healthier, and in the humbleness of our hearts we may hope they may be wiser. A fuller life will be spread before them, a wider world opened before their eyes.

Looking farther and farther into the distance, we may see the world awaking everywhere to its unfinished tasks, building the wanted bridges over the rivers, tunnelling mountains, watering deserts, finding new highways by land and sea and air.

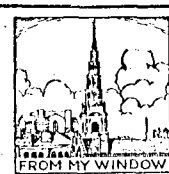
We see the armies of science, with healing in their wings, marching side by side to the conquest of disease; the chemists transforming the unworked treasures of the earth to daily needs; engineers, electricians, geologists, working in concord to seek knowledge; artists, sculptors, and architects searching for beauty; musicians striving to make the world burst into song.

Such are the pictures we see in the fire; such the promise of Spring ahead.



THE EDITOR'S TABLE

John Carpenter House, London
above the hidden waters of the ancient River
Fleet, the cradle of the journalism of the world



This Country and That

IT is interesting to reflect, while we listen night after night to Lord Haw Haw (? Hee Haw) on the Hamburg wave-length, that though it is death to listen to British news in Germany, we listen to German news for our amusement, smiling through.

We need no lectures on Liberty; this is enough.

Two Wars Compared

INFORMATION given by the Prime Minister in Parliament enables us to compare the casualties of two wars, the war with Germany and the warfare of the British roads.

In the first three months of the war 2100 officers and men of the Navy, Army, and Air Force lost their lives. *This includes all lives lost by accident or disease.*

In the same three months the deaths on our British roads numbered 2975, or 875 more than were killed in the fighting services.

The Centuries Are Not
For Them

WE may imagine that by this time Hitler knows that the Future is not his, and it is pathetic to think of the glorious opportunity he has flung away in his ambition for power.

It is the way with all self-seekers. Perhaps the Fuehrer, in the miserable moments that must drag out to desperate hours, thinks sometimes of Napoleon's advice to his brother Joseph on taking the throne of Naples. "Fortify yourself," said he; "build fortresses at once; nobody knows what may happen." And then, in a despairing voice, *The Centuries are not for us, Joseph.*

The Reason Why

THEY still have a custom in the Army of planting walnut trees because the wood is used for rifle stocks. Would it not be a grand idea if every Militia lad planted a walnut tree because it grows good food?

Big Drum in Fleet Street

NIGHT after night one of our evening papers is beating the big drum against Waste.

We must all save waste, we are told, and concentrate our energies and our savings on winning the war.

And on page after page of this paper are advertisements of Football Pools, tempting our people to waste their money in the wickedest way of all, by pouring it into the pockets of a few rich gamblers. There is no waste in the land today to be compared with the Football Pools.

To the C N

PLEASE take this simple note of mine:
A message, writ in jumbled rhyme.

A beacon on the sea
Of literature art thou to me.
A lighthouse rare and strong,
Whose faithful keeper will not cease
To point a way towards Liberty and Peace.

Brave little shining Clarion
Speed with thy mission—Carry On!
Egbert Sandford

Even in War Men Have
Kind Hearts

THE story has been told that when one of the British warships was shelling the German merchant ship Adolf Leonhart, to prevent her becoming a danger to navigation, it was seen that a dog had been left behind. The warship stopped shelling and lowered a boat, which went out and brought the dog across.

When the shelling had been resumed a terrified monkey was seen climbing to the masthead, and again firing ceased, but so frightened was the monkey that all attempts to rescue it failed.

Ultimately, when the Adolf Leonhart heeled over and sank in a cloud of smoke and spray, the monkey clung to a piece of wreckage, from which our sailors rescued it.

JUST AN IDEA

Far too many people try to escape from life by being ill.

Peter Puck
Wants To Know

If food for thought
will be rationed

Under the Editor's Table

A VILLAGE fire brigade says it can always fall back on the town brigade. It must be careful not to damage it.

AN MP says he wants to know what people really think. Or if.

Nobody grumbles because sugar is unofficially rationed. But at tea-parties it has caused a stir.

A SCHOOLBOY rescued his schoolmaster from drowning. For once didn't get into hot water.

RHEUMATISM may be cured by a little thought, we are told. Just think!

TEN thousand Army motor cyclists are wanted. Young men anxious to get on.

MANY visitors come to London to look round. And get a few square meals.

WE hear that Motor Transport girls make their pay go a long way. Used to driving bargains.

PIGS are more interesting than a small car, says a speaker. But he doesn't care for road hogs.

TURNING OVER A
NEW LEAF

A famous headmaster of one of our provincial high schools sends us these notes.

THERE was once a master at our school whose name was Billy Magee, and he lived up to it. He had a temper, but we rather enjoyed it because his language was so picturesque.

Once when we were a bit more stupid than usual he flared up.

"Heavens above," he said, "what in the world is the use of teaching a lot like you? You're a lot of cabbages."

"Please, sir," said the minims of the class, holding up his hand.

"Well, what do you want?"

"Please, sir," he said, "I'm turning over a new leaf." And we all roared.

A New Year Resolution

Turning over a new leaf is what we all do in the New Year. "We take some time to be alone," as the old poet says. We take stock of ourselves. We look at our life critically. There are some things in it which need setting in order, and we make what we call a New Year resolution to attend to that bad habit and amend it. We don't say much, if anything, to other people about it, but if we want to live worthy of our country, our home, and our school, we take ourselves in hand severely. And it is good fun to see that we aren't taken unawares by the old undesirable habit we have bound ourselves to forswear.

At such a New Year stocktaking it is good to have some rules, some standard by which to test ourselves. Here are some rules of living set down by the great Englishman Dean Colet, who lived 440 years ago and founded the great school of St Paul's. Colet was a friend of the great Erasmus. "Fear God," they begin, and then:

Love God. Desire to be with Him. Serve Him daily with some prayer. Be no sluggard. Awake quickly. Wash clean. Subdue thy sensual appetites. Be sober of thy mouth. Flee foul language. Love purity. Use honest company. Flee dishonesty. Be true in word and deed. Thrust down pride. Forgive gladly. Love peace and equity. Forget trespasses. Trust in God's mercy. Stand in grace.

Precepts to Remember

These are the "precepts of living" set down long ago by a man of noble character for the guidance of boys in his new school. When we put ourselves through our paces we might do worse than read over these precepts one by one, and ask ourselves after each precept, "How do I stand in this matter?" They are precepts not only for schooldays but for real life when we pass from the classroom into the more difficult school of manhood.

Yet maxims are not enough in themselves. As the witty Frenchman said: "Nous avons toutes les maximes, il ne nous manque que les appliquer." These maxims are as sound a guide today as they were in 1509, as good a chart now as they were then to steer our course by over the seas of life.

How to the Singer Comes the Song?

How to the singer comes the song?
At times a joy, alone:
A wordless tone
Caught from the crystal gleam of ice-bound trees;
Or from the violet-perfumed breeze;
Or the sharp smell of the seas
In sunlight glittering many an emerald mile;
Or the keen memory of a love-lit smile.

Thus to the singer comes the song:
Gazing at crimson skies
Where burns and dies
On day's wide hearth the calm celestial fire,
The poet with a wild desire
Strikes the impassioned lyre,
Takes into tuned sound the flaming sight
And ushers with new song the ancient night.

How to the singer comes the song?
Bowed down by ill and sorrow
On every morrow—
The unworried pain breaks forth in heavenly singing;
Not all too late dear solace bringing
To broken spirits winging
Through mortal anguish to the unknown rest—
A lyric balm for every wounded breast.

How to the singer comes the song?
How to the summer fields
Come flowers? How yields
Darkness to happy dawn? How doth the night
Bring stars? O, how do love and light
Leap at the sound and sight
Of her who makes this dark world seem less wrong—
Life of his life, and soul of all his song!
Richard Watson Gilder

A GERMAN CALLING

THE botanists have a species of plants to which they give the name of *Incompletae*. In the same way it may be said that there are men who are incomplete and imperfect. They are those whose desires and efforts are not proportioned to their actions.

Goethe

First Line of Defence

TODAY, in the crisis which threatens to destroy freedom and civilisation, the most important pioneering to be done is in the realm of the spirit. America's first line of defence is in the character of her citizens.

Admiral Byrd

Blow Ye the Trumpet, Poland

BLOW ye the trumpet, gather from afar
The hosts to battle: be not bought and sold.
Arise, brave Poles, the boldest of the bold;
Break through your iron shackles—fling them far.
O for those days of Piast, ere the Tsar
Grew to this strength among his deserts cold;
When even to Moscow's cupolas were rolled
The growing murmurs of the Polish war.
Tennyson

The Universe Behind It

TRUTH has absolute value. The principle that two and two are four is not a mere human convention, true only because and as long as it answers our purpose. It has the universe behind it; to tamper with it would shake the foundations of the cosmos.

D. Miall Edwards

THE MAN WHO BELIEVES

A MAN under the firm persuasion that he can command resources virtually has them.

The Roman Writer Livy



IN LITTLE THINGS

THOUGH all unrecognised in halls of fame,
Let this be said by those who speak my name:
*No mountain height she scaled on daring wings
But she was true and kind in little things.*
Ella Wheeler Wilcox

Your Problem and Mine

THE common problem, yours, mine, everyone's,
Is—not to fancy what were fair in life
Provided it could be—but, finding first
What may be, then finding how to make it fair
Up to our means: a very different thing!
Robert Browning

Smilest Thou Now, Napoleon?



We take these fine verses from Laurence Binyon's poem To Napoleon, appearing in his Collected Poems published by Messrs Macmillan

SOARS still thy spirit, Child of Fire?
Dost hear the camps of Europe hum?
On eagle wings dost hover nigher
At the far rolling of the drum?
To see the harvest thou hast sown
Smilest thou now, Napoleon?

A hundred years have flown, and still
For peace they pine; peace tarries yet.
These groaning armies Europe fill,
And war's red planet hath not set.

Ye wakened nations, now no more
You battle for a monarch's whim;
The cause is now in your heart's core,
Your soul must strive through every limb;
They who with all their soul contend
Bear more, but to a nobler end.

Be patient in your strife! And thou,
O England, dearer than the rest;
England, with proud looks on thy brow,
England, with trouble at thy breast,
Seek on in patient fortitude
Strong peace, most worthy to be wooed.

Take up thy task, O nobly born!
With both hands grasp thy destiny.
Easy is ignorance, easy scorn,
And fluent pride, unworthy thee.
Grand rolls the planet of thy fate:
Be thy just passions also great!

Then welcome peril, so it bring
Thy true soul leaping into light;
A glory for our mouths to sing
And for our deeds to match in might,
Till thou at last our hope enthrone,
And make indeed thy peace our own.

Nature's Own Country Maid 300 Years Ago

This picture of a country maid was written over 300 years ago by Sir Thomas Overbury.

A FAIR and happy milkmaid is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art that one look of hers is able to put all face-physic out of countenance.

She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsidings of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silkworm she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing.

She doth not, with lying long abed, spoil both her complexion and conditions; Nature hath taught her that immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises therefore with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew.

She makes her hand hard with labour and her heart soft with pity; and when winter's evenings fall early (sitting at her merry wheel) she sings a defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well.

She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and beehive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers.

Lastly, her dreams are so chaste that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition—that she conceals for fear of anger.

Thus lives she, and all her care is she may die in the springtime, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

WORK APACE

WORK apace, apace, apace, apace:
Honest labour bears a lovely face.
Thomas Dekker

Father's Hat

A NATION is not necessarily grown-up because it has adopted all the apparatus of civilisation, any more than a child grows up by borrowing father's hat.
Ernest Frederick Row

Its Own Life

THE greatest kindness you can do to any wild creature is to leave it to its own life. H. Mortimer Batten

IF

If you think you are beaten, you are;
If you think you dare not, you don't;
If you'd like to win but think you can't,
It is certain that you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you've lost,
For out of the world we find
Success begins with a fellow's will;
It's all in the state of mind.

Life's battles don't always go
To the strongest or fastest man;
But sooner or later the man who wins
Is the man who thinks he can.

What the Dutch Say

MONEY lost, nothing lost. Courage lost, much lost. Honour lost, more lost. Soul lost, all lost.

Dutch Proverb

BELIEVE

SO long as you cannot see behind the face of things, you must be content to believe, as your fathers have done and as your successors will have to do.

Harald Tandrup

THE MORE WE GET TOGETHER THE SAFER LIFE WILL BE

Why Not a Great Club of All Nations That Love to be Free?

It is worth while to return to the question of a possible Federation of Nations at the end of the War, for only by a coming together of the peoples, by a recognition of the brotherhood of man, can we hope to get the world straight.

A YOUNG American, Clarence Streit, has written the book, which is called *Union Now*, and not only proclaims the need for a federation of like-minded peoples but outlines the method step by step.

If the peoples of 15 countries had the courage to adopt the plan proposed in this book they could in a few years put the world on a sounder basis.

Mr Streit, for nine years Geneva correspondent for the New York Times, has had an unusual opportunity to watch the peace-making machinery of the last 20 years at close quarters. It is obvious to all of us that the Peace Treaties, the League of Nations, the Kellogg Pact, the Disarmament Conference, have all failed to fulfil the bright hopes held out for them, and Mr Streit, like a good doctor, tells us why.

"For clarity," he says, "we can call our bad germ Absolute Nationalism, and the serum that eliminates it we can call Unionism."

Planting a Healthy Seed

The idea of absolute national sovereignty, a man-made idea, was useful at an earlier stage of development, but in an age when aeroplanes and wireless have brought Bombay closer to London than was Edinburgh in Cromwell's time it becomes a hindrance. The advance of modern physical science demands a similar advance in political science. "Only by dying together can we escape this problem of living together," says Mr Streit truly. He points out that we organise a tug-of-war, not a government, when we arrange for those who believe that government is made for the people to pull together with those who believe the opposite, so he proposes that a nucleus of like-minded peoples should federate and allow others to join as they see the advantages of membership. Plant a sound, healthy seed and let world order grow!

When each nation considers itself above all law anarchy must reign in international relations. Limit the idea of the absoluteness of national sovereignty and you curb that anarchy at once.

When each State considers itself sovereign, and its interests more important than the interests of any other State, each one must arm to protect its interests until it is stronger than any other. That, of course, is mathematically impossible. It is the plan of the gangster. It is the road to war and chaos. Yet many people believe that only in this way can we preserve our freedom. But is it?

A Better Idea

Actually the idea that each nation must be top-dog obliges every country, whether it wants to or not, to serve the god of war. Is that freedom?

If a country wishes to use all its raw materials and all its labour to build better houses for its people, to raise more and better food, but is obliged to spend its materials, its brains, and its labour on devising ways to kill, is it free? Are its citizens free even to try

We have been looking into the possibility of a United States of Europe, and thousands of people are now reading a book which proposes something even beyond that, nothing less than a Federal Union of all fair-minded peoples.

to follow the ten commandments when the State must claim all its young men at a certain age and teach them to kill?

The time has come when this idea of national sovereignty, leading us like Gadarene swine down a steep place into a sea of blood, must be given up, outgrown, replaced by a better idea, the idea of World Unity.

Nazi Germany sees this, and has set to work to impose world unity by force. This type of unity lacks a spiritual basis; the unity it imposes cloaks such a mass of injustices that it cannot endure. That type of unity makes no appeal to peoples brought up in the democratic tradition.

But unity need not be forced on us from above. We are free to open our eyes and to choose a form of union that we enter freely with the other folk of the world who think much as we do.

If our fathers and grandfathers could solve the problem of increasing man's freedom in every way by balancing local and central government as in the United States, the United Kingdom, the United Provinces of the Netherlands, the Swiss Confederation, the Union of South Africa, can we not do as well? At a time when our 15 democracies can by union be almighty on this earth, are we preserving man's freedom by pitting our financial, economic, or other power against each other? So asks Mr Streit in his book.

The 15 countries he suggests as original members for the new World Order are Great Britain, United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Union of South Africa, Ireland, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Finland, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and France, a population of 280 millions with experience in the use of democratic institutions and

the habits of self-discipline that help them to work.

Once formed, this will be a very strong Club. It will control, for example, 96 per cent of all the nickel in the world, 95 per cent of the rubber, 73 per cent of the iron ore, 65 per cent of the coal, and so on. Others will soon begin to long for the advantages of membership. The rules are to be so framed that they will keep nobody out who meets the requirements. Even in a family we must all meet certain requirements to sit at table; Tommy must have clean hands.

Would this Federal Union of Peace-Loving Peoples mean death to the League of Nations?

No, not for years.

The Federal Union would at first include only part of the world. There will still be need for the League to serve all the nations. The Federal Union will simplify the work of the League by grouping the foreign policy of a number of countries under one head. The League will then be able to refer questions to one body instead of to 15 or 20 separate Governments.

The separate Governments will still exist, and they will differ from each other as they do now, but they will deal with the internal affairs in each country. Foreign affairs, defence, money, trade, communications—these would be the business of the Federal Government, and the inhabitants of the Federal Union would enjoy a common citizenship, permitting them to circulate freely for study, work, or play in all parts of the Union.

We are not such optimists as to believe that this idea will come easily into being. Narrow selfish thinking is too deeply entrenched in many minds.

But this fact is clear; in our modern world such selfish thinking does not work. The very instinct of self-preservation will lead us to try something different.

History has been the story of the extension of man's faith. Once man dared trust no one but his own family, and not all of them; then he learned to rely on the loyalty of his clan; then his tribe; and the day is at hand when we must take the next step and extend our loyalty to include all other like-minded peoples.

Believers in "Union Now" are encouraged by that fact that ours is not a new and unique situation. About 150 years ago matters were just as bad in America as they are in Europe now. One historian wrote then of America:

Under the universal depression and want of confidence all trade had wellnigh stopped, and political quackery, with its cheap and dirty remedies, had full control of the field. Trade disputes threatened war. Territorial disputes led to bloodshed and threat of war. War with Spain threatened to break the League into two camps. The League could not coerce its members.

Out of Chaos Into Order

This was not written about Europe in 1938 but about the 13 sovereign States of America in 1787. The war that threatened was not between Czecho-Slovakia, England, and Germany, but between New York, Connecticut, and New Jersey.

It sounds laughable, but it was real enough then. We can only hope that the war clouds that now darken our skies will appear as ridiculous to our descendants in 150 years.

In this desperate plight, the newly-fledged States in America had the good sense to call together the ablest and most public-spirited men of the time. They met in Philadelphia, and George Washington presided. "Let us outline the best plan we can think of, a plan we believe in our hearts is right," he said in effect, adding that "the event is with God."

In 100 working days these men worked out a scheme for federal union which is in operation today, controlling the lives not of 4,000,000 people in 13 States, but 130,000,000 in 48 States.

So America came out of chaos into order in 100 years, and we have seen it again in Switzerland and in South Africa.

Why not in Europe and why not all over the world?

The Saint Who Lies in Flanders Fields

It is just a century since Father Damien was born, but a thousand centuries will pass before his name is forgotten.

He was born at Tremeloo in Belgium on January 3, 1840, the second boy to bring joy to the hearts of Farmer de Veuster and his wife. They called him Joseph, and as they watched over his boyhood his parents fondly hoped he would become a business man, and follow a career less arduous and more prosperous than his father's. But it was not to be. Quite early in life Joseph showed that he was swayed by a deep religious fervour, and he asked that he might follow his brother Augustus into the Church.

So Joseph de Veuster became Brother Damien, and one day found himself gazing on the mountain peaks of Hawaii. To these lovely islands in the Pacific, often called the Garden of God, Brother Damien had come to spread the good news from Galilee. For several years he ministered to the people with all the spiritual force that burned in him. The Hawaiians were a happy, carefree people, save only for Those Without Hope, the lepers. In this garden in the Pacific, with all its loveliness, lepers were everywhere.

In 1865, the year after Damien's arrival, the Government decreed that to halt the spread of the disease all lepers should be banished to Molokai. This island, called the Land of Precipices because its great rocks rise upright from the sea, was henceforth to be known as the Living Graveyard. The decree struck a chill to the hearts of those pitiful human wrecks, but hundreds were rounded up immediately and sent away, and year by year fresh batches were sent to join them. Father Damien was harrowed by the sight of these poor lepers going into exile. Of all his flock these surely had most need of a shepherd. The thought of them was a constant challenge to him, and at last he obtained leave from his bishop to sail with 50 lepers from the beautiful harbour of Honolulu to the desolate living grave of Molokai.

To this community of outcasts, 800 of them, Father Damien dedicated his last 16 years. He found a wilderness of misery and despair. He found wrecks of human beings sleeping in hovels and living like beasts. He found drunkenness and other evil things. But nothing could daunt him. He had chosen. He nursed

the lepers, dressed their wounds, comforted them, and with his own hands dug their graves. Soon a new hope came into their lives, and as the news of all his labours spread abroad more help came from those who had forgotten.

So, in the course of years, some measure of happiness was brought to Molokai. Fresh water was procured, clean whitewashed houses, churches, and orphanages were built. The indomitable hero toiled on, until he, too, was doomed to find in himself symptoms of the dread disease. Through his last few years he carried on, still courageous and still cheerful, but with death creeping from limb to limb. In February 1889 he wrote to his brother Augustus that he was sorely stricken but wanted "nothing but the accomplishment of the Will of God." A few more weeks passed and they laid him near his little church at Kalawao, under the tree that had sheltered him during his first night on Molokai 16 years before. As a saint he had lived, and as a saint he died.

Nearly half a century later they took him home to his native land, and there he lies, in Flanders Fields where poppies grow.

England Set in Her Silver Sea



British warships ploughing through rough seas



A peaceful village Somewhere in Kent

ST FRANCIS IN THE NEWS

The House Where He Was Born

Abbé Moien, a noted scholar, has found evidence pointing conclusively to the whereabouts of the birthplace of St Francis.

That St Francis was born in Assisi was well known, but it was long supposed that he first opened his eyes in a house demolished years ago. Italian tourists have always been shown a church in Assisi popularly believed to have been built on the site of the house of St Francis, but after searching among hundreds of old papers the Abbé Moien is persuaded that St Francis was born in his father's house.

The wonderful thing about this is that the house is still standing. It still has a chapel built about 50 years after St Francis died, and we may see the very rooms in which a rich boy played before he had resolved to become a poor man.

The Gospel of Poverty

For centuries Assisi has been a place of pilgrimage for lovers of St Francis, and the town will attract still more pilgrims now. We remember that when we were there we talked with a man whose father saw St Francis, for he was present when the grave was opened, and we ourselves saw his friend St-Clare, who lies in a church in the hilltop town.

One of the most famous of all Italian saints, St Francis is among the best-loved figures of history, born about 1182. He lived a pure life, devoting himself to the service of others. He it was who founded the Order of Grey Friars, and he it was who taught all men that because Our Lord was poor his followers should be poor.

In preaching the gospel of poverty St Francis was logical and reasonable. He delighted in saying that he was wedded to Our Lady of Poverty, and he said:

Poverty is an inestimable boon. If we should have possessions we should need arms to protect ourselves. Thence arise disputes, and for this cause the love of God and our neighbour is wont to be hindered.

The truth of this seems inescapable, but it is only too clear that we have travelled far from this deep truth.

The Lion's Paw

After our tales of tigers here is one of a lion sent by Mr Lawrence Green from South Africa.

Four years ago Mr Clifford Simpson, whose farm is at Lothian on the Swaziland border, was out shooting when he was attacked first by the lioness, then by the lion. He shot the lioness but was left to battle with the lion with nothing but his broken rifle. He beat it over the head as it mauled him, and at last it slunk away leaving him half dead on the ground.

There Mrs Simpson found him, dressed his 40 wounds, and drove him to a hospital 100 miles away. He made a miraculous recovery and the tale of the fight led many people to the spot. There it was seen by the prints left on the wet ground that the lion had a curiously malformed paw.

A month or so ago Mr Simpson shot a lion, and it was the same lion, as its malformed paw proved beyond a doubt.

100 Years of Doing Good

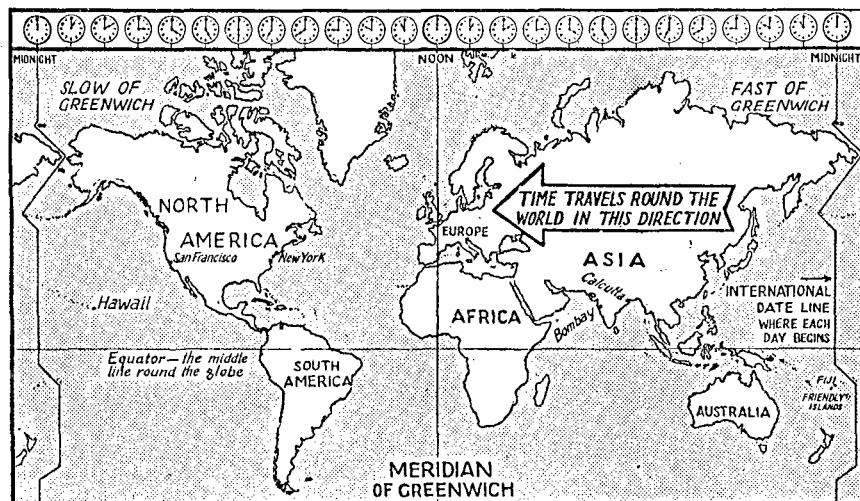
It was 100 years last month that the Scottish Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was founded in the Hopetoun Rooms, Edinburgh. The war stopped any sort of celebration, but it has not stopped the good work this society has been doing for a century, and the C.N. sends its good wishes to all the workers in this great cause.

1940 Was Born in the Friendly Islands

THE hands of Father Time have gone round again and a New Year has been born this week in the far-away solitudes of the Pacific Ocean. The birthplace of Time, according to the system which makes Greenwich the centre-point of a day's journey, is exactly where a needle driven through the Earth's centre from Greenwich would come out on the other side. It would startle the natives, if there were any to startle, which there are not. Time is born in one of the loneliest parts of the earth, among the dreary islands of the Pacific. There last Monday Father

and fifty minutes later Time arrives in Paris. In four minutes more it is in England and Scotland.

New Year Day has completed exactly half his round when he reaches London, to find London wide awake and staring hard at midnight. St Paul's booms twelve over the dark metropolis, announcing to waiting millions that the New Year has come. That, according to the clock, is the Time for the rest of Britain, which is all in one Time Zone. Actually sunrise and sunset occur later the farther west we go. At Liverpool they occur twelve minutes after London,



The world is divided into 24 equal zones of 15 degrees, in each of which there is a Standard Time based on Greenwich. The clocks show the times in the various zones when it is noon at Greenwich. At sea these time zones are regular, except for the International Date Line areas, where each day begins; but on land the boundaries of the zones are varied somewhat so as to include in the same zone areas which are closely connected for political and commercial purposes.

Time set out on his 1940th journey round the earth in the Christian Era. Big Ben at Westminster was striking twelve at noon on Sunday when the New Year was born; the heart of the British Empire, throbbing with the life of eight millions of people, is half a day behind the uninhabited Pacific.

Time has 12,500 miles to travel before it reaches London, and, as it cannot travel much more than a thousand miles an hour, a day is twelve hours old when it comes to us. Fiji feels the glow of the new time almost as soon as it begins. A few minutes after it has dawned on the world and received the coldest of welcomes from the Friendly Islanders or the Kamchatkans, the New Year finds Fiji waiting for it with enthusiasm, and a few minutes later it reigns in New Zealand. A few minutes more, and New Year's Day has reached Australia.

For more than two hours the wave of time is passing over the Commonwealth, and when about four and a half hours have passed since the day began Australia is settled down again in forgetfulness of the year that has gone. Calling at Hong Kong a little later, at Calcutta after six hours, and at Bombay a few minutes more than seven hours, Time hurries on towards Africa. Passing over Asia, it sweeps over the capitals of Europe and the gold mines of South Africa during the next few hours. Berlin welcomes the new era after eleven hours,

Plymouth sixteen, Bristol ten, Sheffield five, and Penzance over twenty. Were it not for the Zone Time system for nearly half an hour two years would have reigned this week in Britain.

The New Year had been speeding back to the Pacific for twelve minutes when it reached Edinburgh, and for seventeen minutes when it arrived in Glasgow. Ireland is much later still. Then, still flying through space at a thousand miles an hour, 1940 reached Newfoundland when it was half-past three in London, New York at five minutes to five, Chicago at ten minutes past eight, just as London is getting up for its first New Year breakfast.

Still travelling over seas and across dreary wastes, the year comes to Pitcairn Island at nine o'clock, and to Hawaii soon after ten. A few hundred miles farther west, the year is nearly a day old, but Hawaii, though so near the birthplace of Time, happens to be on the wrong side of the International Date Line, and is always nearly a day behind the calendar. Precisely at twelve on Monday (noon in London), New Year's Day was over, and Time, beyond the bounds of civilisation, was lost again in Oceania. Twenty-five thousand miles in twenty-four hours is Time's record every day, and not all the wise men in the world can keep him back. Too true it is that Time flies.

Sir Ambrose is Still Busy

ALTHOUGH Sir Ambrose Fleming is 90, he is still keenly interested in science and particularly in electricity. Inventor of the thermionic valve, without which wireless as we know it would have been impossible, Sir Ambrose has not yet abandoned the laboratory. His bench and his books still call, and his mind is still busy with ideas. Lately he has been turning his thoughts towards the solution of a wartime problem.

As everyone knows, signalling in code is always liable to interpretation by the enemy. A spy conversant with the key

of any particular code could as readily interpret the message as those for whom the message was intended. In this manner valuable information is often intercepted. Having these dangers in mind, Sir Ambrose has submitted to the Admiralty an invention which in practice would be spy-proof, a new system of signalling and reception by which signals are sent out in such a way that they can only be picked up by those in possession of an instrument which automatically renders the message decipherable.

THE WRONG BUS

A Dark Tale of the Blackout

Many curious incidents have occurred during the Blackout, but one of the most curious of all has happened at a London Bus terminus.

A passenger boarded one of a group of buses waiting to depart. Taking his seat, he read the paper till the bus started. The only passenger, he held out two coins when the conductor approached, murmuring his destination without looking up. "Sorry, sir," said the conductor, slightly amused. "If that's where you want to go, you're on the wrong bus."

"I most certainly am not," retorted the passenger brusquely.

"You most certainly are," retorted the conductor.

"I travel this route every day of my life," replied the indignant passenger. "I ought to know which is the right bus."

The conductor shrugged his shoulders as the bus rumbled on through the darkness. "Well," he said at last, "all I can say is this bus doesn't go where you want it to go, and as I've no ticket for that place you'd better get off as soon as you like."

"I tell you," the passenger declared, a note of defiance in his voice, "that this bus does go where I want to go. At any rate, your destination-board says so."

Light dawned on the conductor. "Good heavens," he exclaimed, "if that's so the driver and I have got on the wrong bus!"

And so they had.

Taking the South Pole's Temperature

War or no war, Admiral Byrd's expedition to the Antarctic is unlikely to be held up. The most important item of its cargo is a consignment of thermometers.

The thermometers are of a definite kind, designed for the special purpose of testing the temperatures of the sheets of ice and snow that cover the shores and inland of the continent. These 42 electrical resistance thermometers will measure the temperature below the surface and register and transmit it to the observers above. The range of temperature they can register is from 54 above freezing to 94 below.

The thermometers are to be installed in the snow down to depths of 160 feet, and the Antarctic's blanket of snow and ice will have its temperature taken at various depths, in order to ascertain how it is influenced by the seasons, by day or night, and by the presence of rock or water in the neighbourhood.

Packing Up the Sunlight

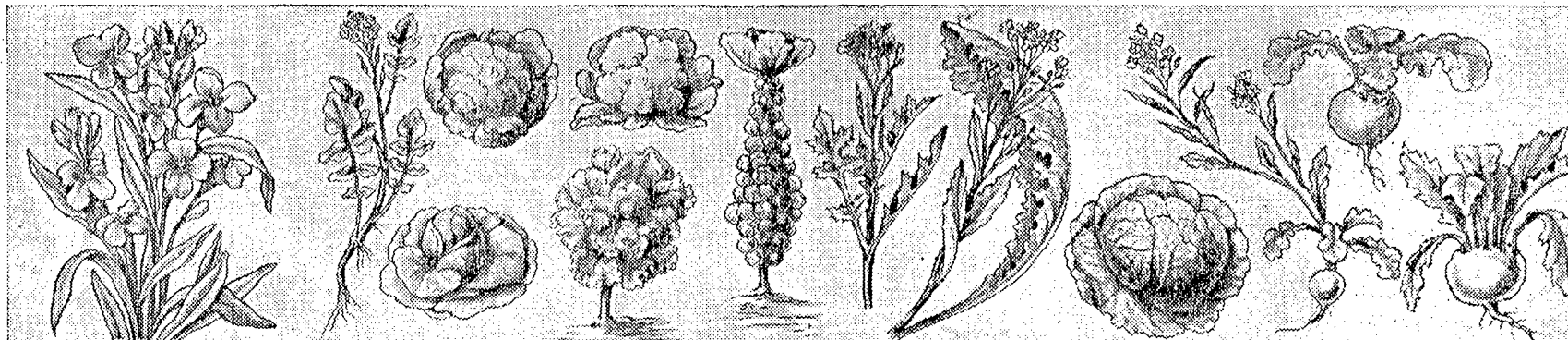
In Florida, where at this moment they have plenty of sunlight, they have carried out the strange experiment of canning it.

The way it was done was to turn the sun's rays on to one of those substances which have the power of absorbing light and giving it out again. The glow does not last long, though C.N. readers who have visited the Natural History Museum may recall some of the cases of mineralogical specimens where this property was seen when the right rays were turned on.

But it can be made to last for a length of time if the minerals are cooled down far below zero by liquid air; and this was what the Florida scientists did. They took the minerals which had been gifted with this luminous glow by the sunlight and sank them in a bath of liquid air, and froze them. Then they packed them up, still in their bath, and sent them on a thousand-mile journey to New York, where the canned sunlight of Florida shone again.

C N NATURE STRIP

THE WALLFLOWER AND ITS RELATIONS



WALLFLOWER

WATER-CRESS

CAULIFLOWER CABBAGE

BROCCOLI KALE

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

MUSTARD HORSERADISH

SAVOY

RADISH TURNIP

KOHLRABI

Scientists have arranged plants in families, linking those constructed on the same principle. But, as we see here, members of a family are often very different

Frosty Hollow—The Place Nobody Wants

SLEEPY HOLLOW we all know. It lives in story and in memory, for we all like these snug little places. But Frosty Hollow nobody likes.

With cold weather once more upon us the men who keep records of temperature are again busy with their entries and comparisons with the figures for other years. They prize facts concerning cold more than details of rainfall and duration of sunshine, and that for a strange reason known to few but the experts. Observers of rainfall outnumber by

nearly twenty to one the people who furnish information as to cold in such detail as the meteorologists wish to have. In every temperate land there exist what are known as frost-hollows, low valley bottoms into which the cold air from surrounding higher ground always drains and remains.

Frost-hollows are not marked on our maps, but centuries of experience have imprinted knowledge of them on the minds of men. People avoid such places as sites for farms and houses, so the

frost-hollows have few observers to prepare records of their temperatures for the Meteorological Office, which likes to be able to say which are Britain's coldest spots.

For the effect of a frost-hollow is more than a nipping of the nose and fingers; in such localities the cold air, unstirred by warmer aerial currents, remains to chill the ground so thoroughly as to have prolonged effect.

There are places of this sort in the Chilterns where, as heat radiates rapidly

away from sandy gravel overlying chalk, the cold ground of the frost-hollows has a permanent spring and winter temperature as much as ten degrees lower than that of the adjoining hillsides. A consequence of this is that spring vegetation in such a situation is a fortnight or three weeks later than that of the surrounding land, which, chilling less rapidly, warms up under the influence of sunshine and genial currents. So we may have two violently contrasting temperatures in a single parish here in temperate England.

Why Are Fir Trees Planted So Near Together?

If we examine different plantations we see that fir trees are always planted much closer together than other trees, such as oaks and beeches. The reason is to be found in the uses to which the trees are put. When a tree has plenty of light and air and room it throws out branches, and much of the nourishment which the tree takes from the ground goes to the making and strengthening of these branches. Fir trees are required to grow tall, and therefore they are planted close together so that the tops will almost touch. Being thus deprived of direct sunlight, except, of course, at the top, they refrain from throwing out branches, which would be practically useless for commercial purposes, and all their energy goes to the upward growth of the trunk.

Does a Fish Drink?

If any living thing is completely dried it either dies or suspends its activity until it gets water again. Therefore every living being requires water.

It is true, therefore, that fishes drink, and fishes in salt water must drink salt water. But we must not suppose that fishes are drinking when we watch them in an aquarium, and they look almost as if they were gulping the water. Fishes require not only to drink but to breathe, and as they pass their lives under water they must breathe by means

of the oxygen which is dissolved in the water. When we watch them they are breathing by passing water through their gills, which serve them for lungs but are specially suited for breathing the air that is dissolved in water. The water that passes through their gills yields up to their blood the oxygen they want, but the water is not drunk. When a fish drinks it takes water in by its mouth as we do.

What is the Smallest Light the Eye Can See?

The eye has been said to see a single candle on a clear night at a distance of ten miles, but the scientific measurement is that it can see a lighted point which is a millionth of a candle-power a yard away. How little that is can be guessed from the fact that over four million times that amount of light is needed to read print.

Why Does a Fire Make Us Hot?

When anything is burning to make a fire there is given out from it a particular something which we call heat. This heat is very like light, though we cannot see it. Like light, it is a wave motion in the ether, and in itself is not hot nor cold, but is nothing more or less than a wave motion in the ether, made up of waves or rays. As it is made of rays it is often

called radiant heat, this radiant heat coming to us, of course, in great quantities from the sun.

But why does radiant heat make us feel hot? The only answer to that is that our sense of heat is a feeling, like seeing and hearing; so heat makes us feel hot, just as light makes us see, and sound makes us hear. To put it in another way; our bodies are so made that they feel these various things outside them in these various ways.

How Does the Limpet Hold to the Rock?

Everyone who has climbed among the rocks at low tide knows how firmly the limpet holds on. A very great effort is needed to remove him, and the usual explanation of his tenacity is that the surface of his body which comes into contact with the rock, his foot, as it is called, is able to form a vacuum in the same way as a sucker does when it holds to the paving-stone. Some scientists, however, say that the foot really exudes a very tenacious slime which adheres to the surface of the rock. It is pointed out that a snail adheres to a surface by the same means, but is more easily removed because its shell can be gripped, whereas the peculiar shape of the limpet shell gives no firm hold to the fingers.

Do We Sleep Only When We Are Tired?

We usually sleep when tired because it is supposed that tiredness brings about certain changes in the blood which act like mild drugs on the brain and the nerves connected with it. Every night in this way the brain is drugged into sleep. But, as everyone knows, there are times when the brain resists this drugging, and though the person may be very tired, or over-tired, sleep will not come. Or again, if the nerves and brain are over-excited, or if the heart is beating too fast, sleep will not follow.

On the other hand, sleep sometimes overtakes people after a heavy meal, or on various occasions (even in a noisy railway train or in a church) when it cannot be explained as a consequence of tiredness. Other reasons have to be sought for sleep's onset, and one of them is that sleep must be, in healthy persons, partly a voluntary act. A dog can apparently sleep when it likes, and goes to sleep not because it is tired but as a sort of preparation for activity when that will be needed.

What is the Area of the Earth?

Knowing the shape of the Earth and its circumference and diameter men are able to calculate the area of extent of its surface. This is about 196,800,000 square miles, and of this great area the land covers about 55 million square miles, equal to over 600 Great Britains.

This Good Idea Could Begin Even Now

THE idea of Family Allowances continues to gain support.

It is based on the consideration that to pay the same wage to the head of a family, whether he has several children or none at all, is to give too much to the childless man or too little to the father of a family. It is unfortunately true that many children are left without sufficient maintenance.

Some private firms already pay family allowances. Thus, Cadbury's of Bournville pay an allowance of 5s a week for every child in a family in excess of two. They employ over 10,000 people, and

410 children receive the benefit, costing the firm an addition of less than half of one per cent to its wages bill.

What would it cost to make an allowance of 5s a week per child for dependent children in England and Wales under fifteen? Here is an estimate for each year:

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| 1 For all the dependent children | £116,000,000 |
| 2 For the third and all additional children | £24,000,000 |
| 3 For the fourth and all additional children | £6,000,000 |

The nation could easily afford to begin with Plan 2, even in time of war.

A Happy Christmas For the Birds

WHEN the wild-fowl awoke in New York's Central Park on Christmas morning they found a huge Christmas stocking hung on a tree for them. It was chock-full of cracked corn, beef suet, bread crumbs, peanuts, and many kinds of seed.

This is the ninth year in which the Boy Scouts from Kip's Bay Boys Club have sprung the surprise on the feathered inhabitants of the park. About 300 ducks of all kinds, coots, swans, geese, and smaller birds who did not fly south for the winter enjoyed the feast.

Smaller wire-mesh stockings were hung by the Scouts in about fifteen parks and playgrounds all over the City of New York.

But not only at Christmas do the Scouts remember the birds; from the first day of winter to the first day of spring they have a bird-feeding campaign and see that all the birds have enough to eat.

In Sweden no bird is allowed to go hungry on Christmas Day, for there a sheaf of corn is tied to a pole in the garden.

THUMBPRINTS OF AFFECTION

The Remarkable Album of Sir Edward Wilshaw

One of the most remarkable albums in the world was presented to Sir Edward Wilshaw the other day, for among its 10,000 signatures were the thumb impressions of African natives unable to write their names.

This album, together with a replica of his KCMG star in diamonds and rubies set in platinum, was the tribute to their chairman of the staff of Cable and Wireless in all parts of the world. In addition to the thumbmarks the signatures of the subscribers were in many characters, Roman, Arabic, Chinese, and Indian, 50 nationalities in all, while the money sent from all over the world was in 39 currencies.

Some of the most romantic little communities on earth are those tiny outposts on remote islands looking after the vast network of cables which keeps the civilised world in touch, and there is something from every quarter of the world in the treasured album which Sir Edward Wilshaw has so well earned. Sir Edward is the cable man with friends in seven cable ships and on 200 cable and wireless stations. He entered the service of the Eastern Telegraph Company as a lad of 15 and has devoted his whole life to world communications, beginning with wire and living into our great Wireless Age—though still the cable holds its own in a marvellous way.

Down to the Sea in Ships

Are we, even in these days, sufficiently alive to the debt we owe the men of our mercantile marine?

Landsmen who sit at home and complain of being blacked-out should listen to the wind roaring in the chimney o' nights and to the cold rain beating on the window-panes. Having listened with a shiver, and after putting a little more fuel on the fire, they might let their thoughts turn to the high seas and reflect on the fact that, day by day and night by night, brave men are battling with the forces of Nature and the worst horrors of warfare.

Even in peace sailing the seas is a dangerous trade. Wrecks, foundering, and burnings are not rare, while the handling of ships is fraught with casualties of an industrial order. If war never happened our debt to the seamen would be very great, for we live on their labours.

We venture to hope that the Government will have regard for men who get none of the glory and prize-money which attaches to service in the Royal Navy, and we hope all our readers will remember that in the Great War 35,000 merchant seamen perished.

Nature's Fliers

How They Fly. By James Gardner. Country Life. 3s 6d.

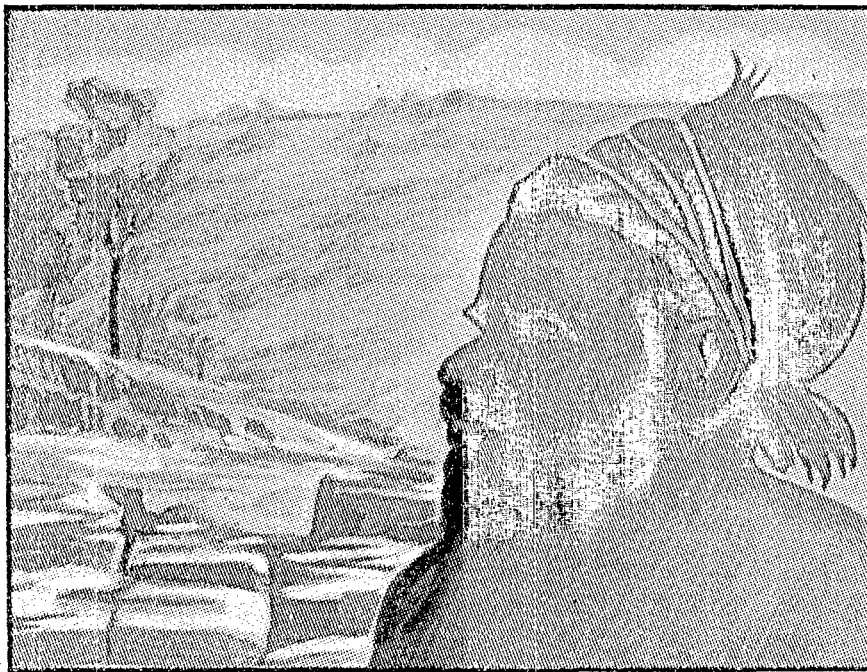
It is about three hundred million years since the first creature took to the air. It was an insect-glider, and ever since Nature has been perfecting the apparatus by which insects, reptiles, birds, and even mammals propel themselves through the air, until she has achieved in the deer bot-fly a speed of 818 miles an hour.

Man has a long way to go to catch up, and in this very attractive book for children Mr James Gardner describes what man has done and the principles on which he has based his skill. He explains in a vivid and clear way how the insects and birds use their muscles by pulling levers—not pushing, as man must use power in his engines.

It is one of the charming Country Life books, and colour adds to the delight of its many pictures of flying creatures and flying machines.

Blackfellow Artist

How MRS BATES SPENT HER 80TH BIRTHDAY



A painting by the Australian Aborigine Albert Namatjira

AN exhibition of watercolour paintings by an Australian native has been exciting the interest and wonder of the people of Adelaide. Our friend Mrs Daisy Bates, visiting Government House to be fêted on her 80th birthday, was among their admirers, and she writes to tell us of the artist and his pictures.

The artist is Albert Namatjira, of the Arunta tribe of Central Australia, and he is 43 years old, with a wife and eight children. It was only three years ago that he began to paint, when acting as a camel boy to Mr Rex Battarbee, a landscape painter. Albert was fascinated by his patron's work and offered the free service of his camels in return for a few lessons, which the painter gladly gave.

Although the art of the natives has been represented by a few crude

drawings in coloured ochre in South Australian museums, no native had hitherto painted in watercolour.

The remarkable feature of Albert's work is that it is not tinged with the influence of his teacher, but has a style and character of its own, delicate tints revealing the beauty of the wide spaces in which his tribe has dwelt from time immemorial.

The money Albert Namatjira makes by the sale of his paintings he spends on increasing his stock of camels, and no doubt in helping his neighbours, for he is a Christian, a worker for the Hermannsburg Mission.

We are sure our readers will join with us in sending Mrs Bates our affectionate greeting on her birthday. She is longing to return from her tent on the Murray River to her Blackfellows at Ooldea.

Will o' the Wisp is on the Road

FROM time to time an old idea is used in a new way. This is what is happening to methane, commonly known as marsh-gas, one of the earliest known of all gases.

For some time this gas has been used in Germany, France, and Italy as a substitute for petrol, and the war is bringing it into increasing popularity. Road vehicles and planes are being driven by it, and experiments all point to its suitability for aeroplane engines.

We may well contrast its latest use with its use in the days before cars and planes. It was then played with by a few experimenters while the rest of mankind regarded it with superstitious awe. In Manchester Town Hall (as we read in Arthur Mee's Lancashire) is a fine wall painting by Ford Madox Brown showing John Dalton collecting

methane; and it was this John Dalton who gave us the Atomic Theory, one of the most brilliant pieces of scientific thinking the world had then seen. In order to work out his ideas he used to gather marsh-gas, as he called it, by stirring up the mud in stagnant ponds and getting a boy to collect the bubbles in a bottle. One of the boys in the picture is supposed to be saying that Mr Dalton is catching Jack o' Lanterns.

The old name Jack o' Lanterns was a variation of the still more common name for marsh-gas, Will o' the Wisp; and Will o' the Wisps were feared by simple country folk, who believed that the faint glow sometimes seen over marshy ground lured people to their doom. We may smile now to think that cars and planes are being driven by the fairies which once haunted our meadows on summer nights.

The Japanese New Year

Perhaps no other people in the world have such respect for the New Year as have the Japanese.

They keep their bells ringing all night, and on New Year's Day nobody is allowed to clean or dust the houses in case any good luck is swept away! The celebrations go on until January 15, when a great feast is held of Return to Labour.

The Chinese make it a rule to settle all their debts on New Year's Day, an idea we should all do well to copy.

Education Must Go On

The LCC have wisely decided that the evacuation scheme must not affect the scholarships and special places annually awarded. Parents have been asked to register the names of their children before January 17 for examinations to be held in March. The candidates who are evacuees will be examined in the areas to which they have been evacuated, and must not be brought back to London. War or no war, education must go on.

THE BLACKOUT

When Everyone is Brotherly

They asked me what I wanted for Christmas, but I did not get it because I thought of it too late, writes a CN correspondent.

It's a little dog I want; one that has been trained to guide the dark steps of a blind man.

Why? I'm not blind, I am thankful to say, but in the Blackout I'm no better than Bartimaeus. I have to feel my way. For instance, I take my letters to the post. The post-box I know as well as my own proboscis, but it is on a country road which has no sidepath on either side, and no lamp-post either for six miles at least, and the post-box is set back in a tall hedge which lines the road, and being painted red it is as hard to discern as a black button on a black coat. If only there were a white indicator to say what time the box is emptied I should be able to locate it, but even the white indicator has been taken away since the war came.

I passed the box four times without finding it, and was just beginning to grope my way along rather gingerly, because the hedge in which the pillar is hid has innumerable thorns, when a passer-by noticed and struck a match and saved me from further punctures.

That is one good thing about the Blackout—everyone is brotherly. The dark that covers us from pole to pole obliterates all distinctions of class and dress. All birds are brown in the dark.

Training the Guide

My little dog I must train to take me exactly where I want to go when I go out with my hand full of letters. He must be trained also to steer me clear of all those diverse obstacles that are the sign of progress in our public services. Sometimes it is a fire-alarm, sometimes a gravel bin, sometimes a Belisha beacon. In London we stub our toes against sandbags. No matter what it is, in the dark I never know it is there till I bump into it, and when it is my head that gets the bump, and I see a sudden shower of stars not hitherto known to the astronomers, I find quotations from the imprecatory Psalms a great relief to my feelings.

There is another point about this narrow road without any sidepaths. The modern road engineer puts a camber on the surface which throws all the rain into the gutters on either side. In the dark I have to carry a newspaper. I wave it in front of me when a motor-car comes along, but when it is a ten-ton lorry that comes pounding on it takes up all the road and I have to plaster myself hard against the hedge or the fence, and wish I had gone in for slimming. My feet are in the slimy water that collects in the gutter; sometimes when the rain is teeming, it is like Tennyson's Brook, and when I get home my boots look as if they had never been cleaned. A minor matter, you say; why make a fuss about that? But the point is that I clean my own boots in wartime, and it takes me over half an hour. What my time is worth? I don't know, not being a Trade Unionist; it is a question for the Editor to say.

Keep the YHA Going

The Youth Hostels Association, ten years old this year, is determined to carry on its good work in spite of the difficulties of wartime. Many hostels are serving national needs, but the number still open to walkers or cyclists is 180.

The association hoped to celebrate its tenth birthday with a membership roll of 100,000, but it will have to wait for that, and in the meantime to be content that the health and high spirits of its members are now contributing to their units in more strenuous places. We must support it all we can, for so vital an organisation will be needed more than ever in the coming days.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO, BY DUMAS

SECOND PART

EARLY in 1838 a certain Count of Monte Cristo became a great figure in the life of Paris. His name awakened thoughts of romance and dazzling wealth in the minds of all. It was Albert, the son of the Count de Morcerf, who first introduced the Count of Monte Cristo to the high society of Paris. They had become acquainted at Rome, where Monte Cristo had been able to render a great service to the Viscount Albert de Morcerf and his friend, the Baron Franz d'Épinay.

All sorts of stories were afloat in Paris as to the history of this Count of Monte Cristo. When he went to the opera he was accompanied by a beautiful Greek girl, named Haidée, whose guardian he was.

But nothing ruffled Monte Cristo. Calmness and deliberation marked all his movements; in some respects he was more like a machine than a human being. Everything he said he would do was done precisely. And now the schemes he had long studied in secret he had begun to carry through as certainly and relentlessly as Fate.

M. de Villefort, now *procureur du roi*, had a daughter by his first wife, for he had married a second time. Her name was Valentine, and at the command of her father, but not by her own wish, she was engaged to the Baron Franz d'Épinay.

She loved a young military officer named Maximilian Morrel, son of the Marseilles shipowner. But neither of them had dared to avow their affection for each other to Valentine's father.

Meanwhile, the tide of fortune seemed to have turned with Baron Danglars. His business had suffered many losses, but his greatest loss of all was due to some false news about the price of shares which had been telegraphed to Paris by means which Monte Cristo could have explained.

The baron's daughter was engaged to Albert de Morcerf, but the Count of Morcerf had now come under a cloud, for his betrayal of Ali Pasha had been made public; and perhaps the Count of Monte Cristo could have told how the truth came out at last.

So the baron did not hesitate to break the engagement, and to accept as the suitor for his daughter a dashing young man known as Count Cavalcanti, who had been introduced to Paris by Monte Cristo, but concerning whose antecedents nothing seemed to be known.

The Count de Morcerf was tried for his betrayal of Ali, and seemed likely to be acquitted, when a veiled woman was brought to the place of trial, and testified before the committee that she was the daughter of Ali Pasha, and that Morcerf had not only betrayed her father to the Turks, but had sold her and her mother into slavery. The veiled woman was Haidée, the ward of Monte Cristo. The count was now a ruined man, and when his son Albert discovered the part that Monte Cristo had played, he publicly insulted him at the opera.

Recognition

A DUEL was averted, for Albert publicly apologised to the count when he learned the reasons for his actions. Furious that he had not been avenged by his son, Morcerf rushed to the house of Monte Cristo.

"I came to tell you," said Morcerf, "that as the young people of the present day will not fight, it remains for us to do it."

"So much the better," said Monte Cristo. "Are you prepared?"

"Yes, sir; and witnesses are unnecessary, as we know each other so little."

"Truly they are unnecessary," said Monte Cristo, "but for the reason that we know each other well. Are you not the soldier Fernand who deserted on the eve of Waterloo? Are you not the Lieutenant Fernand who served as guide and spy to the French army in Spain? Are you not the Captain Fernand who betrayed, sold, and murdered his benefactor, Ali?"

"Oh," cried the general, "wretch, to reproach me with my shame! Tell me your real name that I may pronounce it when I plunge my sword through your heart."

At this, Monte Cristo, bounding to a dressing-room near, quickly pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and, donning a sailor's jacket and hat, was back in an instant.

A Short Version of the Immortal Story, Told in Two Instalments

Gazing for a moment in terror at this man who seemed to have risen from the dead to avenge his wrongs, Morcerf turned, seeking the wall to support him, and went out by the door uttering the cry—"Edmond Dantès!"

Events marched rapidly now, and Paris had scarcely ceased talking of the suicide of the Count de Morcerf, when Cavalcanti, identified as a former galley-slave named Benedetto, was arrested for the murder of a fellow-convict.

Danglars fled from France, his great business in ruin. With him he took a large sum of money belonging to Paris hospitals, which, however, was taken from him near Rome by brigands who were acting under the orders of Monte Cristo.

A Tragic Family

IN the household of Villefort, Monte Cristo had done nothing to bring vengeance on that evil man. He had seen from the first that Villefort's second wife was studying the art of poisoning, and he felt that revenge was already at work here. There had already been three mysterious deaths in the house, and now the beautiful Valentine seemed to be suffering from the early effects of some slow poison. Maximilian Morrel, in despair of Valentine's life, rushed to Monte Cristo for his advice and assistance.

"Must I let one of the accursed race escape?" Monte Cristo asked himself, but decided, for Maximilian's sake, that he would save Valentine.

He had bought the house adjoining that of Villefort, and, clearing out the tenants, had engaged workmen to remove so much of the old wall between the two houses that it was a simple matter for him to take out the remaining stones and pass into a large cupboard in Valentine's room.

Here the count watched while Valentine was asleep, and saw Madame de Villefort creep into the room and substitute for the medicine in Valentine's glass a dose of poison.

He then entered the room and threw half the draught into the fireplace, leaving the rest in the glass. When Valentine awoke he gave her a pellet of hashish, which made her sink into a deathlike sleep.

Next morning the doctor declared that Valentine was dead. In the glass he discovered poison, and as the same poison was found in Madame's laboratory, there was no doubt of her guilt. She admitted all, and confessed that her object had been to make her own son sole heir to Villefort's fortune.

Madame de Villefort fell at her husband's feet. He addressed her with passionate words of reproach as he turned to leave her.

"Think of it, Madame," he said; "if on my return justice has not been satisfied, I will denounce you with my own mouth, and arrest you with my own hands! I am going to the court to pronounce sentence of death on a murderer. If I find you alive on my return, you shall sleep tonight in gaol."

Madame sighed, her nerves gave way, and she sank on the carpet.

But Villefort little knew at the moment he spoke these burning words to the woman who was his wife that he himself was not going out to condemn a fellow-sinner, but to be himself condemned. For the man to whom he referred as a murderer was the so-called Count Cavalcanti, really Benedetto, who now turned out to be a son of Villefort's, whom he had endeavoured to kill as an infant in the garden of a house at Auteuil.

The night before the criminal had had a long interview with Monte Cristo's steward, who had disclosed to the prisoner the secret of his birth, and in court he declared his father was Villefort, the public prosecutor!

This statement made a great commotion in the court, and all eyes were on Villefort, while Benedetto continued to answer the questions of the president, and proved that he was the child whom Villefort would have killed years before. The public prosecutor himself confirmed the prisoner's story by admitting his guilt, and staggering from the court.

Vengeance Complete

WHEN Villefort arrived at his own house he found everything in confusion. Making his way to his wife's apartments, he had the horror of meeting her while she still lived, just at the very instant when the poison she had taken did its work, and of finding a moment or two after that she had poisoned his little son Edward.

This was more than the brain of man could endure, and Villefort turned from the tragic scene a raving madman, rushing wildly to the garden, and beginning to dig with a spade.

The vengeance of Edmond Dantès, so long delayed, so carefully and laboriously planned, was now complete, and it only remained for him to perform the last of his marvels, at the same time giving proof of his boundless generosity. Valentine de Villefort had been buried, and Maximilian was in despair; but Monte Cristo urged the young man to have patience and hope.

It seemed a strange thing to ask a lover whose sweetheart had been placed within the tomb to have hope and to come to Monte Cristo in one month. But this was the bargain they made.

When the month had passed, Maximilian came to the isle of Monte Cristo.

"I have your word," he said to the count, "that you would help me die or give me Valentine!"

"Ah! A miracle alone can save you—the resurrection of Valentine! Thus do I fulfil my promise!"

Monte Cristo turned to a jewelled cabinet and took from it a tube of greenish paste. Maximilian swallowed some of the mysterious substance, which was but hashish. He sat down and waited.

"Monte Cristo," he said, "I feel that I am dying—good-bye!"

Meanwhile, Monte Cristo had opened a door from which a great light streamed. Maximilian opened his eyes, looked towards the light; and then—he saw Valentine!

Then Monte Cristo spoke. "He calls you, Valentine, even as he thinks he dies by his own will. But even as I saved you from the tomb, so have I saved him. I feared for his reason if he saw you, except in a trance—from his trance he will wake to happiness!"

Next morning Valentine and Maximilian were walking on the beach, when Jacopo, the captain of Monte Cristo's yacht, gave them a letter. As they looked on the superscription they cried, simultaneously, "Gone!"

In his letter, Monte Cristo said: "All that is in this grotto, my friend, my house in the Champs Élysées, and my chateau at Tréport, are the marriage gifts bestowed by Edmond Dantès upon the son of his old master, Morrel. Mademoiselle de Villefort will share them with you; for I entreat her to give to the poor the immense fortune reverting to her from her father, now a madman, and her brother, who died last September with his mother."

"But where is the count?" asked Morrel eagerly. Jacopo pointed towards the horizon, where a white sail was visible.

"And where is Haidée?" asked Valentine. Jacopo still pointed towards the sail.

THE END

MEN NEVER BRAVER THAN NOW

The Boy Talks With the Man

The Boy. We read today of the brave men of old; of Horatius who kept the bridge of the River Tiber against the army of Lars Porsena; of Francis Drake and Richard Grenville; of Columbus sailing into the unknown. And someone told me that the boy who stood on the burning deck, refusing to leave the post his father had given him, really existed. He must have been a fine lad. Are we as brave today as these splendid people?

The Man. Every age and every nation has produced its heroes. As for our own time, no greater feats are recorded in history than are common in the world today.

Boy. But isn't it sometimes said that, because it is easier to get food and enjoy comfort, we are becoming soft?

Man. Yes, that is often said, and we must admit that some children are pampered and coddled, overfed, and carried about in motor-cars when they ought to be playing a good game, and that such treatment may unfit them for courageous endeavour. The majority of children are not spoiled, however, and know enough of rough and tumble to harden their muscles and brace their nerve. So, when occasion calls for it, we find plenty of volunteers offering to undertake dangerous work.

Boy. Is there as much occasion for courage as of old?

Man. As much occasion and more. In a hundred ways the very complexity of our modern life creates new dangers and calls for more courage to face them. Wars are not so common as of old, but peace calls for heroes every day.

Boy. I read in the C.N. of scientists who faced the dangers of handling X-rays and radium, things unknown to the ancients.

Man. You have named two of many examples of the kind of modern occasion which calls for a new sort of courage. When a man is engaged in battle, like

Horatius who kept the bridge, his blood is up. The spirit of combat aids him and reinforces his natural courage. How different it is with the doctor facing disease; with the scientist who makes research in contagion.

Boy. Fighting an unseen but deadly enemy must be the bravest thing of all. It is being brave without the incentive of fighting.

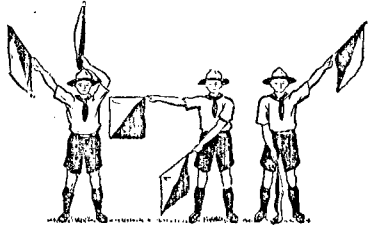
Man. Yes, that is the highest quality of courage—to be brave in cold blood. Such courage has been shown supremely by the scientist—by such men, for instance, as the scientist Nogachi, who, when in bad health himself, investigated one of the most deadly of diseases in Darkest Africa, well knowing the terrible risk he ran. There is also the case of four men who allowed their lives to be used for experimenting in typhoid fever. Such courage is as near the absolute as can be imagined, and yet we find it impossible to recall any of the names of the four heroes who thus in cold blood faced death in its cruellest form.

Boy. Isn't aviation one of the best tests of courage?

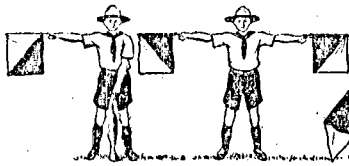
Man. Certainly it is! Consider the amazing bravery of the pioneers who perished in trying to fly the Atlantic. How few of us today can recall the names of the men and women who flew to a lonely death in the watery wastes! No hero of ancient times did anything so remarkable, or faced death with greater fortitude.

Boy. Have we, then, even more courage than the ancients?

Man. No, but we have more chance to exhibit courage! Science has opened so many doors of adventure that the modern has great opportunity. And education promotes moral courage, bringing reason to the aid of physical daring. It is a tribute to human nature that, as the call increases for the exhibition of courage, men do not fail to answer it.



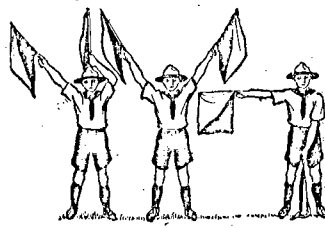
T H E



B R



A N



T U B

A Damp Affair

Two quarrelsome fellows of Ewell
Once settled their feud by a
duel.
Two long garden hose
Were the weapons they chose,
For firearms, they said, were too
cruel.

What Town Is It?

THERE is a town in England
which—
I pray you, do not disbelieve—
If it should lose its head would
then
A capital in Europe leave.

Answer next week

Light in the Blackout

AN Irishman said the Moon
was worth two Suns, be-
cause the Sun gave light only
in the daytime when it was
already light, whereas the Moon
shone by night.

A Difficult Rhyme

WINDOW is not an easy word to
which to find a rhyme, but
here is a verse which gives a fairly
successful one:

Bold Robin Hood, that archer good,
Shot down fat buck and thin doe;
Rough storms withstood in thick
greenwood,
Nor cared for door or window.

 Ici on Parle Français

Sayings of Jesus: I will Come to You

18. Je ne vous laisserai pas
orphelins, je viendrai à vous.

19. Encore un peu de temps,
et le monde ne me verra plus;
mais vous, vous me verrez, car
je vis, et vous vivrez aussi.

20. En ce jour là, vous con-
naîtrez que je suis en mon Père,
que vous êtes en moi, et que je
suis en vous.

21. Celui qui a mes com-
mandements et qui les garde,
c'est celui qui m'aime; et celui
qui m'aime sera aimé de mon
Père, je l'aimerai, et je me ferai
connaître à lui. St John 14

The Plural of Rhinoceros

NO one for spelling at a loss is.
Who boldly writes Rhino-
ceroses.

I've known a few—I can't say lots,
Who called the beasts Rhinoceros.
Though they are not so bad (Oh,
fie!)

As those who say Rhinoceri.
One I have heard—Oh, goodness
—Moses!

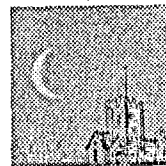
Who plainly said Rhinoceroses.
While possibly a fourth form boy
Might venture on Rhinoceroi.

What Happened on Your Birthday

Jan. 7. Sir Thomas Lawrence
died 1830
8. Galileo died 1642
9. Napoleon III died 1873
10. Marshal Ney born 1769
11. Roubillac, sculptor, died 1762
12. John Pestalozzi, educa-
tional reformer, born 1746
13. Edmund Spenser died 1599

Other Worlds Next Week

In the evening Venus is low in the
south-west soon after sunset;
Mars and Jupiter
are in the
south-west
later; and Sa-
turn and Ura-
nus are in the
south. In the
morning Mer-
cury is low in
the south-east. The picture shows
the Moon as it may be seen at
8 o'clock on Sunday morning,
January 7.

**Garden Paths in the Blackout**

IN the blackout it is not easy
to see a path to the door of a
house. A good way to make the
outline plain is to have an
edging to the path of plants of
snow-in-summer, which is really
Cerastium tomentosum. The
foliage is of a silvery whiteness
that seems almost luminous
even on the darkest night. A
few plants put along the edge of
the border will soon spread and
make a continuous line which
indicates exactly the position of
the path.

**LAST
WEEK'S
ANSWERS**

Hidden Trees
Ash, palm,
cedar, fir, bay,
thorn, olive,
pine.

I	N	E	R	T	O	A	F
N	O	R	A	N	G	E	
C	S	W	A	N	E	E	
H	E	M	P	O	I	N	T
M	E	W	N	O	D		
J	E	W	E	L	T	A	P
O	R	I	G	A	S	E	
A	G	R	E	E	S	W	A
N	E	T	N	O	V	E	L

**The Ghost Story****Weather Wisdom of the Sunset**

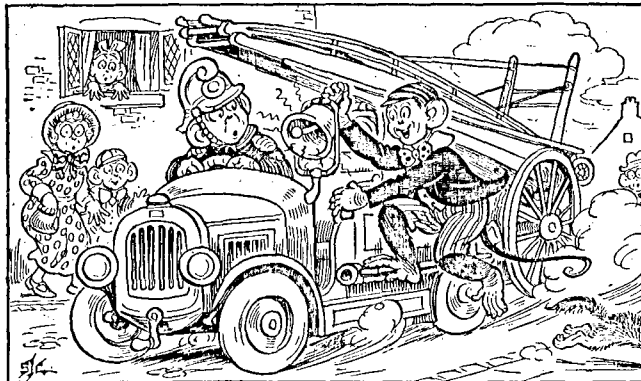
A RED sunset indicates a fine
day.
A grey sunset indicates a wet
day.
A yellow sunset indicates wet.
A ruddy sunset with small
horizontal clouds on the
horizon betokens windy
weather.
If the Sun sets behind a straight
line of clouds, wind may be
expected from that point.
If the Sun sets behind a rugged
or mixed bank of clouds,
stormy or showery weather
may come.
If it sets in a general sheet of
haze of a leaden hue, bad
weather is near.
A clear orange sunset usually
foretells a very fine day on
the morrow.

Leave the Rest

THE world is wide
In time and tide,
And God is guide,
Then—do not hurry.
That man is blest
Who does his best
And leaves the rest,
Then—do not worry.

A Darning Hint

DARNING stockings by artificial
light is often a tax on the
eyes. Much trouble may be
saved if an electric torch is used,
placing one or more pieces of
paper over the light to reduce
the dazzle. Then spread the
part to be darned over the light,
holding it in place with an
elastic band. It will be found
that the light shows up every
detail so that the work can be
carried out easily.

Jacko on the Fire-Engine

MONKEYVILLE had got a brand-new fire-engine. One morning it
went out on a trial trip. As it passed Jacko sprang up beside
the driver, caught hold of the bell, and rang it with all his might.
It was so unexpected that the poor man nearly fell off his seat!

**CHILD'S TELL-
TALE TONGUE**

Your child's tongue will tell you plainly
when the tiny bowels need the help of
a laxative. A coated tongue means a
sour stomach and constipation. But you
have to be most careful what medicine
you give. Strong purgatives weaken and
leave the bowels more bound than ever;
and nothing stops a child's growth like
constipation.

Doctors and nurses everywhere advise
'California Syrup of Figs' because it is a
pure fruit laxative, therefore safe, and
being a liquid you can measure the dose
to a nicety to suit your child's system.
Kiddies love its pleasant taste and thrive
all the better for it.

Get a bottle today. Obtainable every-
where at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure
you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand.

"FOUNTAIN PEN" ACTION

The Gillott Nib with the new "Inque-
duct Reservoir" attachment (Pat. No.
477466) gives fountain-pen action with
advantages of Gillott Stainless Steel Nib.
"Inqueduct" opens for easy cleaning.
Supplied with four patterns of nib.

High-class stationers stock—or
particulars can be obtained from
Joseph Gillott & Sons, Ltd., on
application.

Gillott's Pens
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS LTD., VICTORIA WKS., BIRMINGHAM.

Clear that Cold with
VAPEX
BREATHE THE VAPOUR

**MAKE A GOOD
START**

There is one New Year's Reso-
lution which will enable readers to
help themselves, the newsagents,
and the CN.

It is to place an order for the
CN to be delivered each week. It
is the only way to make sure of
receiving the paper regularly; so
please fill in this Order Form and
hand it to your newsagent.

**Children's Newspaper
ORDER FORM**

Please deliver the CN each week to

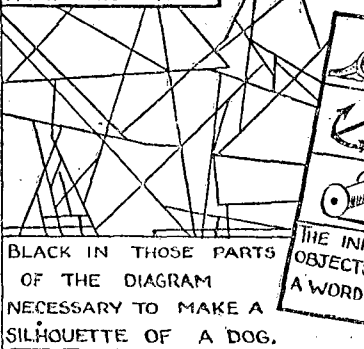
Name

Address

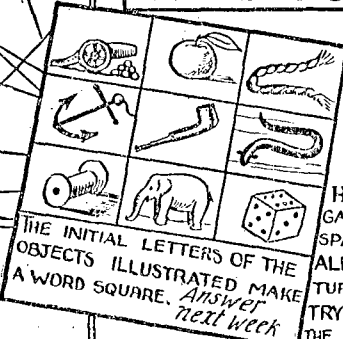
and charge to me

Why not arrange for the CN to
be delivered each week to some boy
or girl who is away from home?
The Publisher will post the CN
to any address each week for a
year for only 11s.

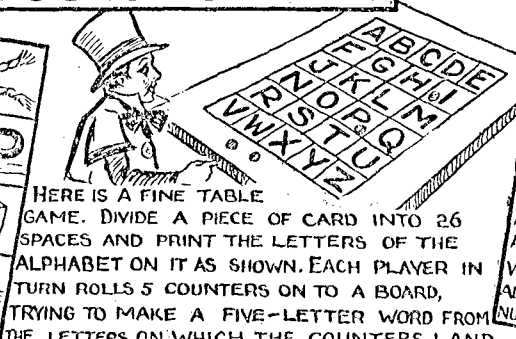
Answer next week



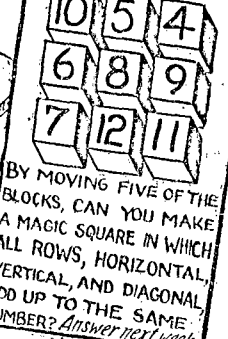
BLACK IN THOSE PARTS
OF THE DIAGRAM
NECESSARY TO MAKE A
SILHOUETTE OF A DOG.

PETER PUCK'S FUN FAIR

THE INITIAL LETTERS OF THE
OBJECTS ILLUSTRATED MAKE
A WORD SQUARE. Answer
next week



HERE IS A FINE TABLE
GAME. DIVIDE A PIECE OF CARD INTO 26
SPACES AND PRINT THE LETTERS OF THE
ALPHABET ON IT AS SHOWN. EACH PLAYER IN
TURN ROLLS 5 COUNTERS ON TO A BOARD,
TRYING TO MAKE A FIVE-LETTER WORD FROM
THE LETTERS ON WHICH THE COUNTERS LAND.



BY MOVING FIVE OF THE
BLOCKS, CAN YOU MAKE
A MAGIC SQUARE IN WHICH
ALL ROWS, HORIZONTAL,
VERTICAL, AND DIAGONAL
ADD UP TO THE SAME
NUMBER? Answer next week